

Montreal, 65 Hutchison street,
8th December, 1894.

To My Lord Fabre, Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal,

My Lord :—

Your besieging me with your Priests and Priestesses, during my last sickness, is the reason of my addressing you this letter.

I am perfectly cured, my Lord : my bodily strength is so perfectly restored that I write you this letter without the use of any spectacles, and my hand does not shake more than when I was only 30 years old, though I am in my 86th year.

Yes, My Lord, I am cured, perfectly cured, though I have not had a single drop of your waters of Notre Dame de Lourdes, and without going to the Good St. Anne of Beaupre !

I am cured in spite of the maledictions and excommunications of the Bishops and Priests of Rome !

And, what will puzzle you the more, I am cured, perfectly cured, without having accepted any one of your medals or scapulaires--without even having bought any of your blessed candles which I might have got from you for 15 cents !

But, to prevent you from suspecting that the Devil alone, or some witches could have healed such a bad man as I am, I must give you the secret of that cure.

May our Merciful God grant that you may have recourse to the same remedy with the multitudes of our dear countrymen you are leading in the perishing ways of Rome.

From the very day that I broke the chains which were tying me to the feet of the idols of the Pope, I put myself under the care of the best physician the world has ever seen.

His name is Jesus !

He is both the Son of God and the Son of Man.

He came from heaven more than 1800 years ago, to save us from all our spiritual and even bodily miseries.

But his condition was that those who wanted to be cured by him should not invoke any other name but his own. For his

Apostle Peter wrote in his Testament these very words :—"There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts iv : 12.

His Testament is called "The Gospel."

These last eighteen hundred years, all the echoes of heaven and earth are repeating his sweet words :—"Come unto me all ye who are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi : 28.

"Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son."—John xiv : 13.

"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it."—John xiv : 14

"If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him."—John xiv : 23.

"I am the true vine; ye are the branches."

"Abide in me, and I abide in you."—John xv : 1, 2, 3, 4.

"If I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me."—John xii : 32.

From the day I gave up the Pope to follow Christ, I have found more and more, every day, that the greatest joys, the greatest happiness in this world was to love and serve him. I have kept myself, then, united to him with all the faculties of my heart and my soul, as being my only light, my only strength, my only wisdom, and I have always found him true to his promises.

But when I found that it was good to be united to that mighty and merciful friend in the days of prosperity, I have found that it was still more my interest to be united to him in the days of trial through which I had to pass.

He was my shield when I was attacked by the thousands of assassins whom you, or your priests, have so often sent to take away my life, either with their pistols, or with their murderous sticks, or with their sharp stones.

When these stones were falling upon me as hail in a stormy day, in the streets of Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Charlottetown, Antigonish, Ottawa, &c., &c., I was throwing myself into the arms of that mighty and loving friend, I was pressing myself on his heart—and I felt secure as a little child when in his loving mother's arms. I was invoking his all-mighty name, and it seemed I was seeing his merciful arms around me to protect me. I was hearing his sweet voice telling me : "Fear not, I am with thee !"

And when I was escaping from my would-be murderers' hands, bruised, wounded, bleeding, I felt happy for having suffered something for the sake of that beloved Saviour who, on the cross, had shed His blood for me.

But it is when I was attacked by the last terrible sickness that

I felt the necessity of having that mighty and merciful Friend near me as my Physician. With Peter I cried, "Lord, save me."

And you can come and see, with what merciful and mighty hand he has come to my help and cured me !

You may imagine my surprise and my sadness, when, in that very time, I saw your priests and priestesses coming to tell me that I was out of the ways of salvation, and that I was to be damned if I would not come back to the Church of Rome of which you are a Bishop.

For, what had these priests of Rome to give me to take the place of that divine friend and physician, Jesus the Son of God, that I might forget that He was my only hope, my only life, my only Saviour, my only refuge ?

What did they offer me to prevent me from saying with Paul : " I do not want to know any other but Jesus and Him crucified ? "

They had nothing but a few rags, called scapulaires, and some small idols of copper, iron and silver, probably found in the crumbling remains of the temples of Venus, Minerva, Bacchus and Jupiter !

Yes ! what had your priests to give me that I might forget and forsake that dear Saviour Jesus, whose presence in my heart was, very often, making me so happy that I was not only forgetting my terrible sufferings, but was changing those sufferings into feelings of unspeakable joy ?

They had to offer me a little God, only about one inch in diameter, made with a little cake baked by their servant girls between two heated irons ?

Be not surprised then, if I have ordered those ambassadors of Rome out of doors with the utmost indignation !

Here, My Lord, allow me a few remarks.

Since more than thirty years that I separated myself from the Church of Rome, I have hardly been a single day, when in good health, without asking, supplicating, even challenging you and your priests to come and show me what you call my errors.

Thousands of times, I have told you that I would, with pleasure, go back to the feet of your Pope and submit myself to his authority, if you had the kindness to show me, before the world, that the Apostle Peter has been to Rome, that the present Pope is his legal successor, and that that Apostle with all your Popes have received from Christ the power to rule over His whole Church ?

I have requested you, many times, and I do request you again to-day, to show me, in a public conference, that your auricular confession is a sacrament established by Christ, and that it has been always practised as it is, to-day, in your Church. When I pledged myself to show, from the authority of your best Roman Catholic

authors, that it is of Pagan origin, and that it is in use in your Church only from the dark ages.

In that public conference, I will also ask you to show me the text of the Gospel which allows you to let the poor people burn in the flames of Purgatory because they have no money, when you so quickly draw out of that burning furnace the rich who fill your hands with the gold which, very often, they have stolen from those very poor people ?

I have another favor to ask you in that public conference.

It will be to show me a Gospel text which allows you to send to hell, as guilty of a mortal sin, the poor man who, in lent, has eaten a piece of solid lard, even not bigger than my thumb, and that you allow him to go to heaven, as a true Christian, if he eats that piece of lard when it is melted in his soup ?

I will have three other questions to ask from your Lordship, in that public conference. 1st. It will be to show me how it is that you cannot make a living frog, or a living grasshopper, nor even a small living fly, you, nevertheless, are so powerful that you can make millions and millions of living christs, living gods, with little cakes baked in your kitchens by your servant girls ?

2nd. How you have the power to shut up those christs, gods, in your tabernacles, when Paul tells you so clearly and positively that such a thing cannot be done, as we see by the following clear words of the Gospel :—

“For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true ; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.” Hebrews ix., 24.

“God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.” Acts xvii., 24.

When at that conference I will also ask you to show me the text of the Gospel which does authorize you to advise, if not to force, so many men and women (priests, monks and nuns) to make vows of celibacy, and to promise they will never marry, when God Himself, in the Bible, is so evidently opposed to such vows, as you may see by the following texts :—

“And the Lord God said : It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him a helpmeet for him.” Genesis xi., 18.

“To avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife ; and every woman her own husband.” 1 Cor. vii., 2.

“Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of Devils. . . . Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with

thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth." 1 Timothy iv., 1, 2, 3.

You have never been brave enough to come and discuss those matters with me so long as I was in good health and able to answer you. The only answer you have given has been to send murderers with sticks, stones and pistols to kill me. But as soon as you hear that I am so sick that I can hardly move my head on my pillow, you become brave, you besiege me with your priests, under the pretext of showing me my errors, and bring me back to the Church of Rome!

But do you not fear that even your school-boys will see that there is lack of courage in you? Will they not feel that you have no confidence in your own cause?

When I was sick and unable to answer the arguments of your ambassadors, I have refused to see them. I asked my people to turn them out of doors in the most uncereemonious way. For I was really indignant. But, to-day, thanks be to God, I am well and able to meet and answer you.

If you were sincere in your efforts to bring me back to your Church, come to-day and show me my errors. I am able to hear and answer you. I will open you all the doors of my house, and I will be the most happy man in receiving you in my humble home and giving you all the honor and respect due to your high position and to my own personal esteem for you.

We will meet and discuss as true gentlemen.

Bishops and Priests of Canada, if you grant me the favor of that public discussion, I will also ask you to show me the text of the Gospel which told you to hang our heroic patriots of 1837 and 1838.

For the French-Canadian people have not forgotten that it was the desire of General Colborne to let them live, when the Bishop of Montreal said: "Hang them!!!"

You had excommunicated and cursed them before the battles! As much as it was in your power, you had tied and paralyzed their strong arms, when on the battle-fields, that they might not conquer, and, not satisfied with that. . . . When they were defeated, you ordered them to be hung!

What crime had they committed to be so cruelly, so unmercifully treated by you?

Ah! They had so much loved their dear country, which is yours and mine, that they thought it worth to shed their blood to make it free.

The stern voice of historical truth tells you that a handful of insolent tyrants had taken the notion that the French-Canadians were good only to draw their water and cut their wood. More and more every day they were trampling under their feet our most precious

and sacred rights : they were not concealing their minds that, just as the Negroes of the Southern States were destined to serve their white masters, so the children of the French-Canadians, conquered on the plains of Abraham, were fit only to serve their conquerors.

The only crime of our heroic patriots was, that they thought it was better to die free men than to live slaves.

Has not noble England, after the bloody days of St. Charles and Saint Eustache, taken the defence of our patriots ? Has she not applauded when her most eloquent parliament orators with Lord Brougham, Lord Durham, &c., &c., declared that the French-Canadian patriots were among the noblest men of our age ; that they had fought and died for the defence of their rights—and to prove it, has not that noble English nation granted to us all the rights and privileges for which those heroic countrymen fought and died ?

Are you so blind and so ignorant of the history of your own country as to ignore those facts ?

Among the heroes who shed their blood in those days for you and for me, there was one who was the bravest among the brave. The pages of old and modern history have no record of any more daring, brave and devoted a soldier of liberty than Chenier.

But why is it that the very name of Chenier still fills your hearts with fear and rage ?

Not satisfied with cursing that French-Canadian hero, in his life and in his death, you want to degrade his memory, you want his body to be buried in the open fields with the carcass of the brute animals !

Why so ?

It is only because the name of that heroic patriot is forever mixed with the love of Liberty !

You hope that by destroying the first, you will make the people forget the second. For it is only on slaves you want and you can rule.

But you are mistaken.

Wherever there is a French-Canadian heart on the borders of our grand St. Lawrence river, it beats with a holy emotion at the spotless names of Papineau and Chenier. Every true French-Canadian, in spite of your fulmination, is proud of having had such an eloquent Apostle of Liberty in the first, and such a heroic Martyr of Liberty in the second one.

In spite of you, the seeds of fraternity, equality and liberty, which Christ has brought from heaven to save the oppressed nations from the hands of their oppressors and tyrants, are bearing their blessed fruits in Canada.

When you trample under your feet those sacred seeds of Liberty, the hour is coming fast when the French-Canadian people, with the Holy Gospel in hand, will settle their accounts with you.

In that day your high citadels will crumble in Canada as they have crumbled in England, France, Germany, Mexico, &c.

That day, the French-Canadians will accept the Word of God to guide them : and that word will make them free.

Thanks be to God, there are many ministers of the Gospel who are much more learned than I am in all the arguments about the facts and doctrines on which we differ. I will invite two or three of them to help me in that conference, and you will select as many priests as you wish to refute and answer me.

If you show to the people that I am wrong, I will ask your pardon for what I have said and done against the Church of Rome, and I will again submit myself to your Pope. But if you cannot show that, I will, with the help of God, so long as I live, continue to show to our dear countrymen that the Church of Rome, with her Priests, Bishops and Popes, is nothing else but that Antichrist, that Man of Sin of which the Gospel speaks when it says :—

“ Let no man deceive you by any means ; for that day shall not come, except there comes a falling away first, and that Man of Sin be revealed, the Son of Perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped. So that he as God sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.

“ . . . For the mystery of iniquity doth already work. Only he who now letteth will let, until he be taken away.

“ And then shall that wicked be revealed, and the Lord shall consume him with the Spirit of His mouth and shall destroy him with the brightness of His coming.

“ Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders.

“ And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish ; because they receive not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.

“ And for this cause, God shall send them strong delusions that they should believe a lie.

“ That they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness.” 2 Thessalonians, ii., 3-12.

Truly and respectfully yours,

C CHINIQUEY, D.D.,

Temperance Apostle of Canada.